



THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RADIO FAME!

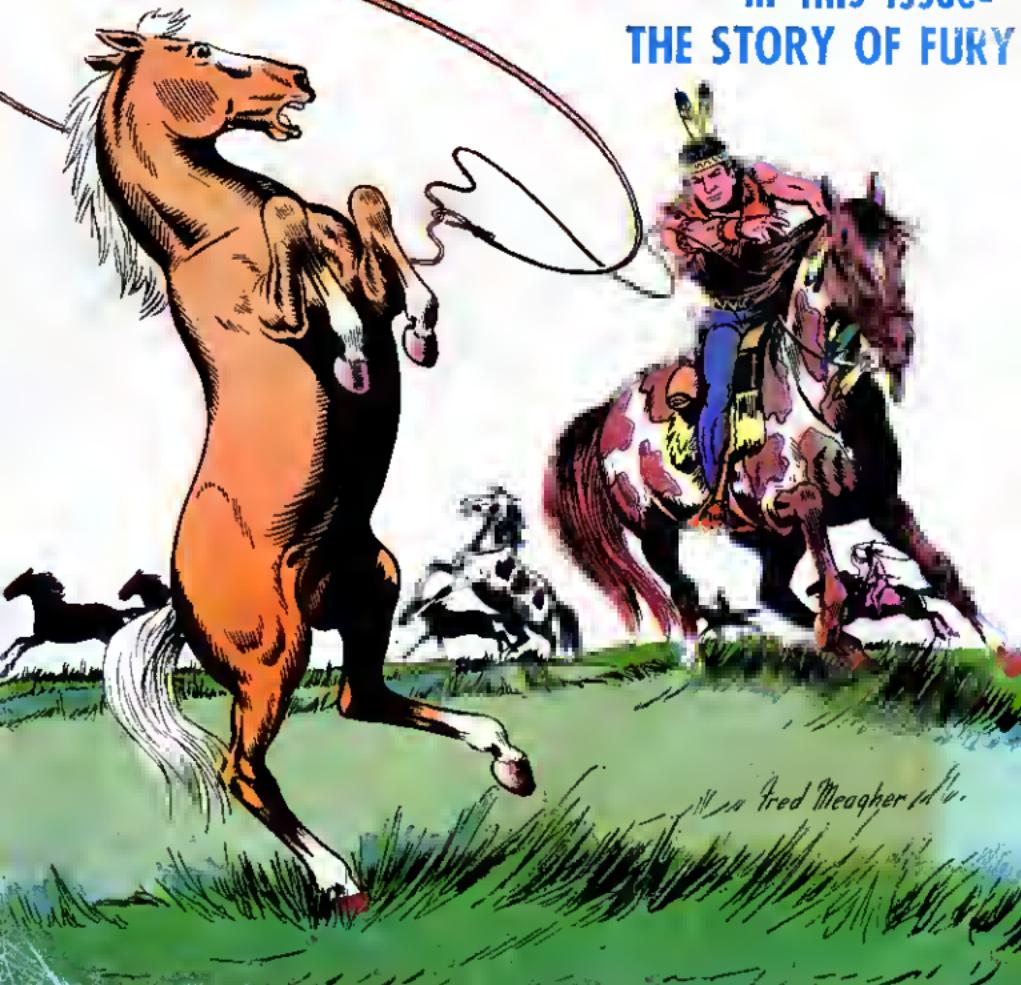
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STRAIGHT ARROW

JANUARY
No. 21

10c

in this issue-
THE STORY OF FURY



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



STRAIGHT ARROW

FOR COUNTLESS YEARS THE MOCCASINED FEET OF CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO, UTE AND KIOWA HAVE TRODDEN THE NARROW TRAIL THAT SWINGS THROUGH THE SANGRE DE CRISTO MOUNTAINS—FOR THIS TRAIL, THAT CROSSES A NARROW STONE BRIDGE OVER A THOUSAND FOOT GORGE, IS THE PATHWAY TO THE RICH PLAINS OF COMANCERIA...

STRAIGHT ARROW

WHEN HUNGRY HORSE, COMANCHE WARCHIEF, IS CRIPPLED IN BATTLE AND GOES ALONE INTO THE WILDERNESS TO SEEK HIS DEATH—STRAIGHT ARROW ACTS TO OPEN THE CHIEF'S DAZED EYES! AND SIDE BY SIDE WITH STRAIGHT ARROW, HUNGRY HORSE FIGHTS HIS GREATEST BATTLE (WITH HIMSELF)—TWO AGAINST THE CROW NATION ON—

“BLOODY BRIDGE!”

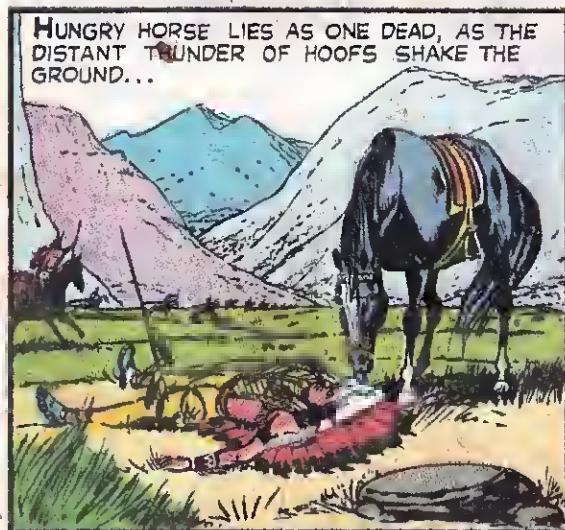
Fred Meagher

THE CROWS, GREATEST HORSE-THEIVES OF ALL THE PLAINS INDIANS, STAGE ONE OF THEIR REGULAR RAIDS ON THE COMANCHE PONY HERDS...

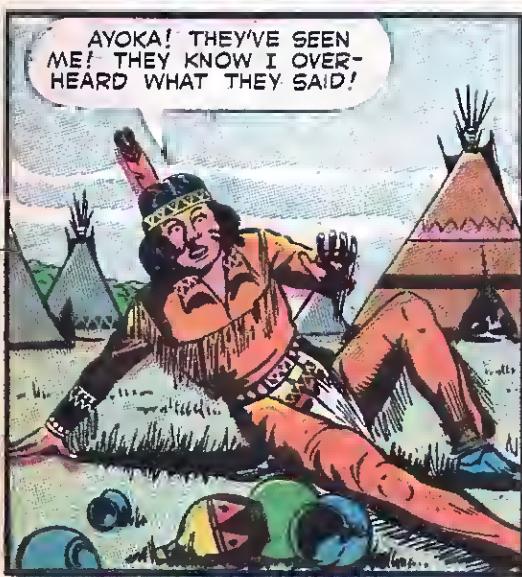


HUNGRY HORSE, COMANCHE WAR-CHIEF—ALONE WITH THE HERD AND A FEW BOY GUARDS—RIDES TO MEET THE RAIDERS...





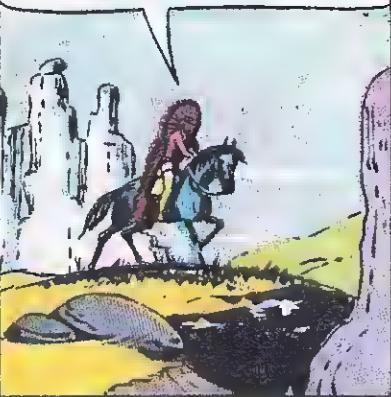
STRAIGHT ARROW



S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T A-R-R-O-W

MEANWHILE, CANTERING OUT OF CAMP, HEAD SUNK WITH DESPAIR, RIDES HUNGRY HORSE...

LIFE IS NO LONGER WORTH LIVING! I SHALL DIE AS BEFITS A WARRIOR—ALONE, AND CHANTING MY DEATH SONG!



HERE I SHALL BUILD MY LAST FIRE, AND MAKE SACRIFICE TO THE GREAT WAKAN TANKA^o!

ED. NOTE: WAKAN TANKA: GREAT SPIRIT



IN THE COMANCHE CAMP—

THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND ME! GOT TO MAKE SOME PRETTY FAST TRACKS AWAY FROM HERE—!



MY PONY CAN'T OUTRUN THEIR WAR-HORSES!
AIEEE—!



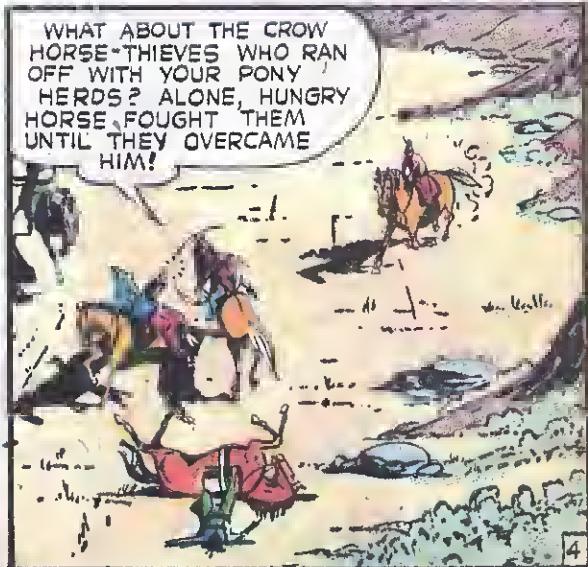
AND THEN, OUT OF THE SUNNY BRILLIANCE OF THE FLAT SAGELANDS SWISHES A GOLDEN ARROW!



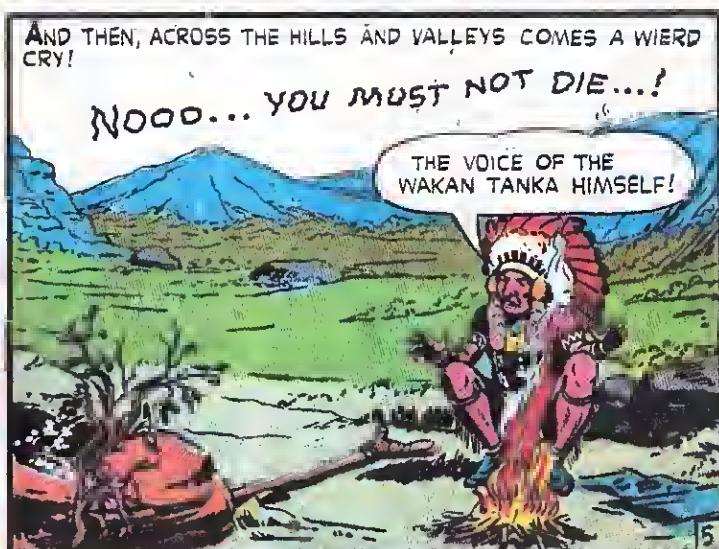
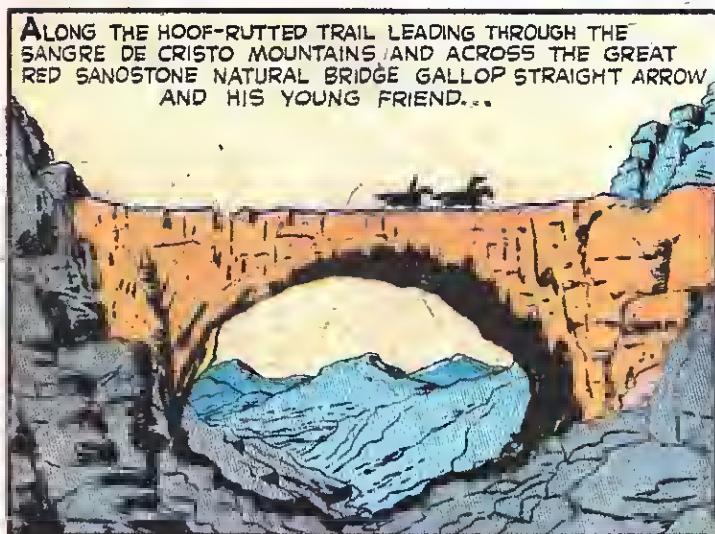
DO COMANCHE WARRIORS HAVE TO FIGHT BOYS NOW?



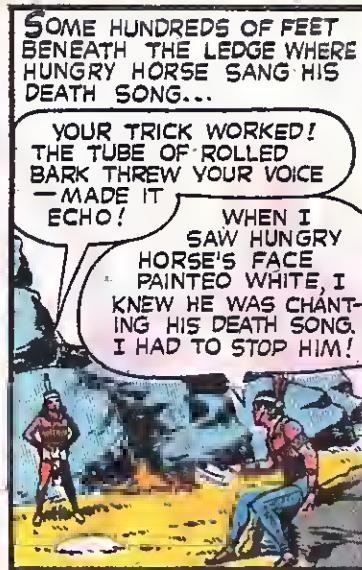
WHAT ABOUT THE CROW HORSE-THIEVES WHO RAN OFF WITH YOUR PONY HERDS? ALONE, HUNGRY HORSE FOUGHT THEM UNTIL THEY OVERCAME HIM!



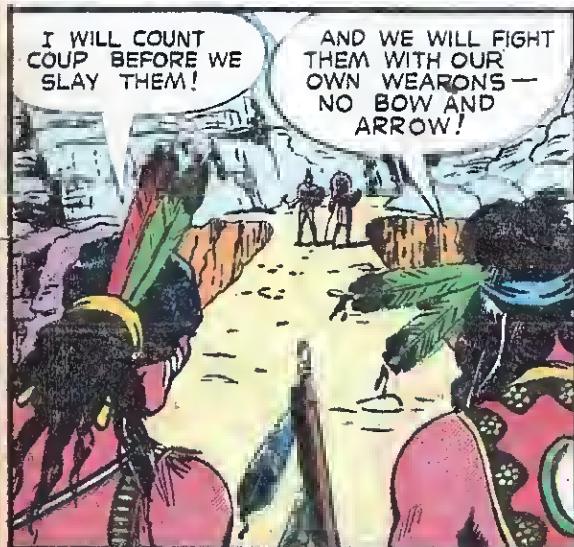
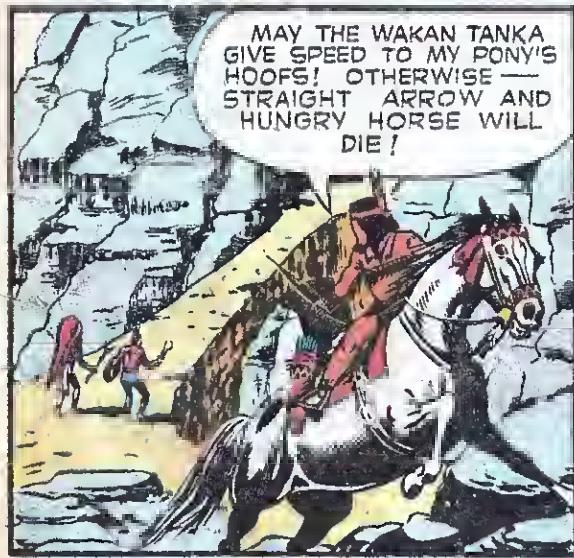
~~STRAIGHT ARROW~~



STRAIGHT ARROW



STRAIGHT ARROW



STRAIGHT ARROW

FROM DEEP WITHIN HIM, HUNGRY HORSE CALLS ON THAT STRANGE FORCE WE KNOW AS WILL POWER! HE STANDS ON ONE LEG AND USES THE OTHER AS A PROP...

HU-STRAIGHT ARROW
—I DO STAND FIRM! HAI!



ALL THAT LONG AFTERNOON, THE TWO COMANCHE WAR CHIEFS STAND AGAINST THE BEST FIGHTING MEN OF THE CROW TRIBE!

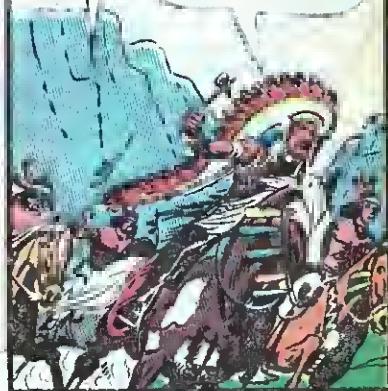
AI, BROTHER! THIS FIGHT WILL LIVE LONG IN THE TALES OF OUR PEOPLE!



TOWARD SUNDOWN, THE EARTH SHAKES TO THE THUNDERING HOOFs OF COMANCHE PONIES..

WE COME, STRAIGHT ARROW!

AiiEE-YAAA!



OUR BROTHERS WILL FOLLOW AND PUNISH THE CROW DOGS!

AIE — AS I SHALL PUNISH RUNNING DOG AND HIS FRIENDS! I HAVE RECOVERED MY MANHOOD NOW, THANKS TO YOU, STRAIGHT ARROW!



AND SO, HUNGRY HORSE, WITH A WEAK LEG, BUT WITH HIS HEAD HELD HIGH, RETURNS TO HIS TEPEES, STILL A GREAT COMANCHE WAR CHIEF...



THE END

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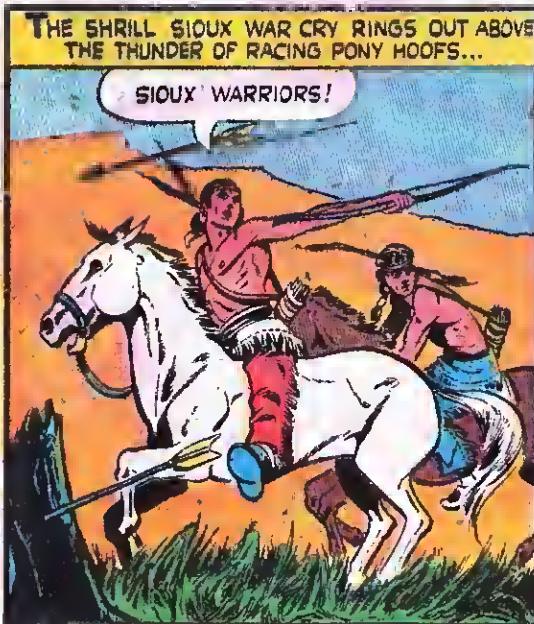
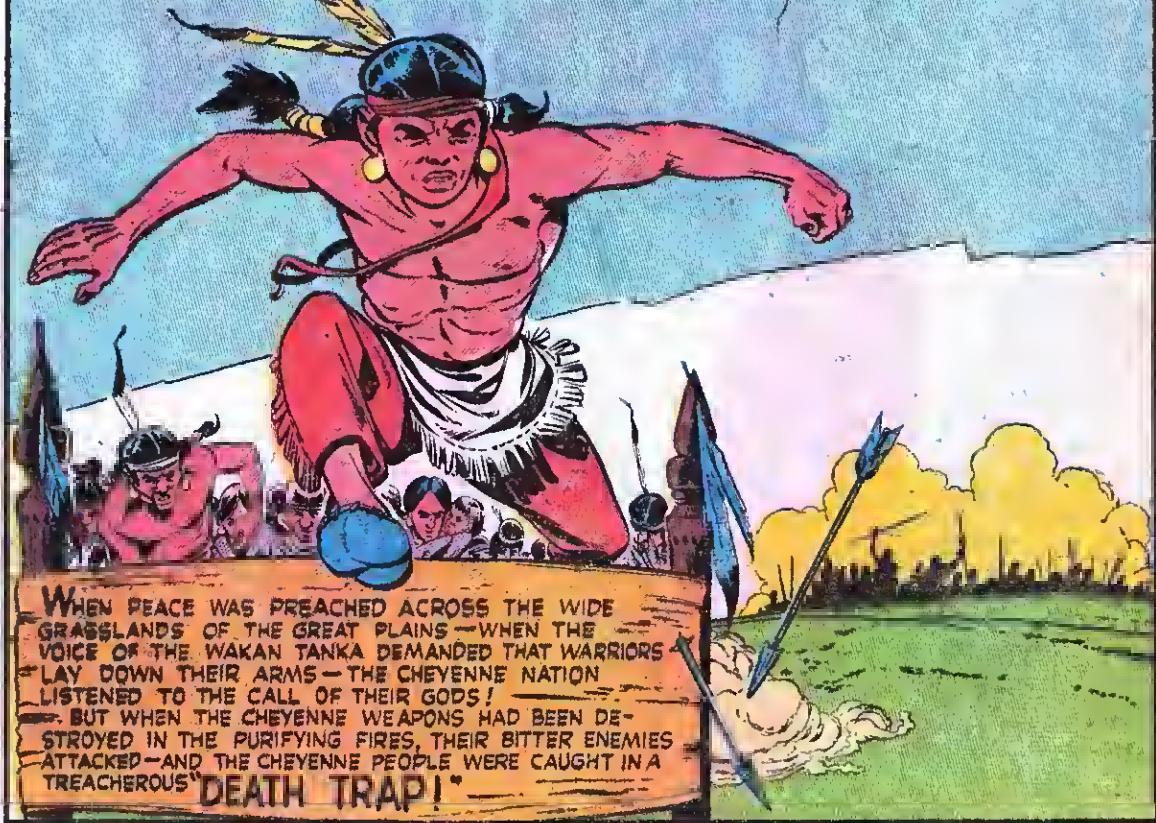


ADJUSTABLE - FITS ALL SIZES.

**ALL READY
TO PUT ON
and**

Have Fun!

RED HAWK

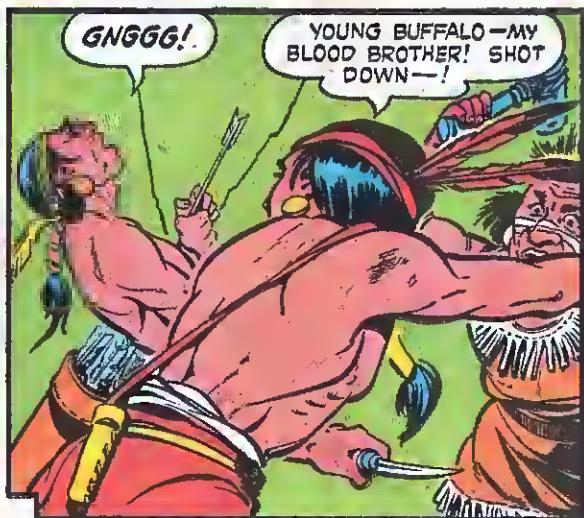


~~S~~TRAI~~G~~H~~T~~ ARROW

FIGHTING AGAINST FOUR-TO-ONE ODDS, AND DRAWING BACK TOWARD THE SHELTER OF A RED SANDSTONE BLUFF, RED HAWK AND HIS GOOD FRIEND, YOUNG BUFFALO, CHANT THEIR DEATH SONGS...

IF WOLFHAIR HADN'T SENT US OUT AFTER THOSE BUFFALO, WE WOULDN'T HAVE RIDDEN INTO THIS TRAP!

AI! BUT NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK!

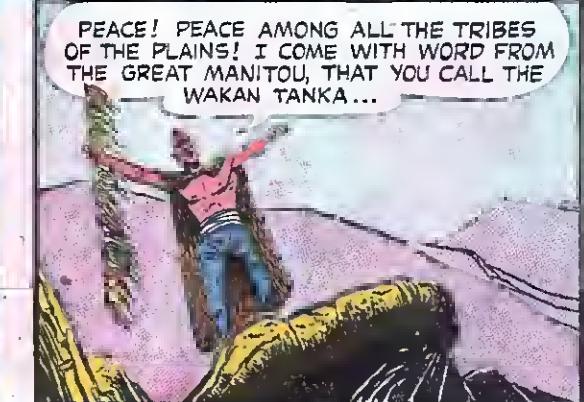


AS HIS WAR CRY RINGS OUT, RED HAWK STAGGERS BACK, RINGED IN BY DEADLY WARSPEARS...



AND THEN, SPEARS AND CLUBS HALT IN MIDAIR! FACES TWIST UPWARD AS A SOFT VOICE CALLS OUT TO THE BATTLING WARRIOR...

PEACE! PEACE AMONG ALL THE TRIBES OF THE PLAINS! I COME WITH WORD FROM THE GREAT MANITOU, THAT YOU CALL THE WAKAN TANKA...



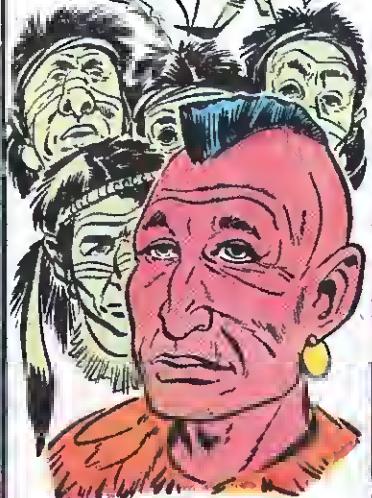
HIAWATHA HIMSELF HAS SAID IT! ALL THE RED MEN MUST LIVE IN PEACE! FROM THE FORESTS AND THE LAKES I COME, WITH WORD FROM THE WAKAN TANKA...



HE IS TOUCHED! MAD! SEE HOW HIS EYES SHINE!

NAY - HE IS A HOLY MAN!

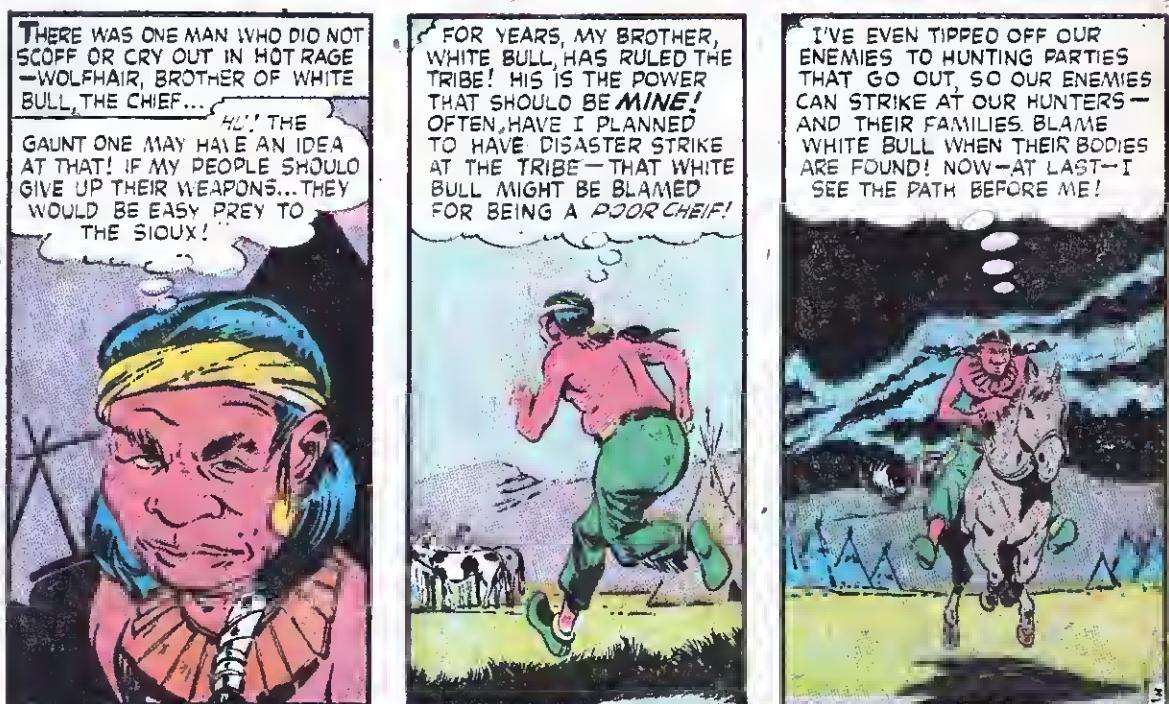
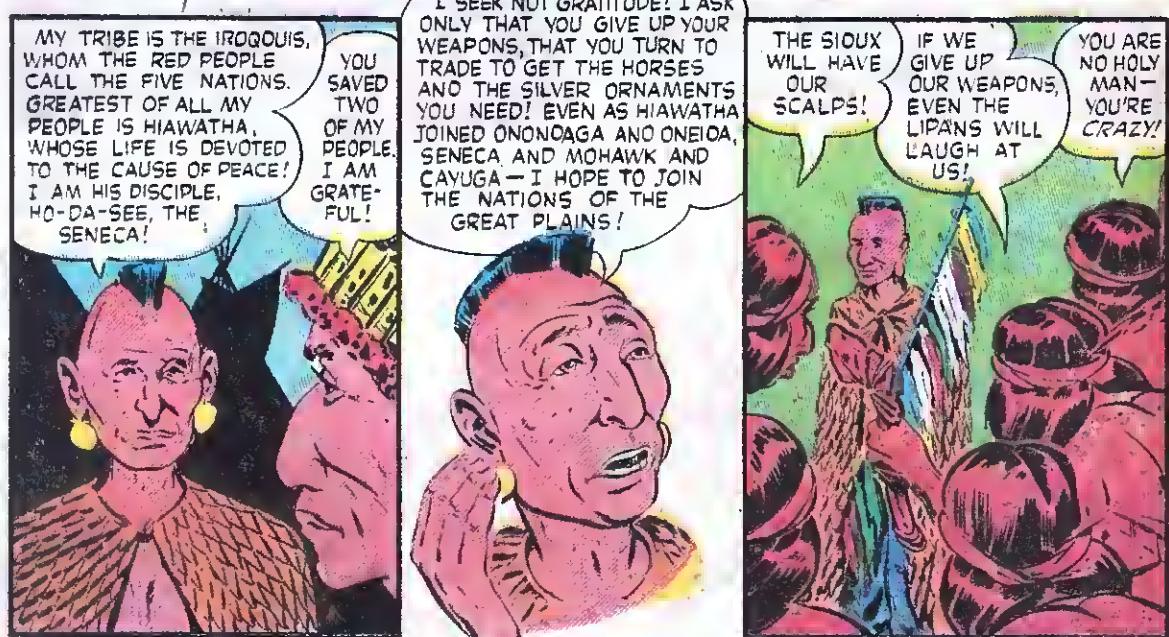
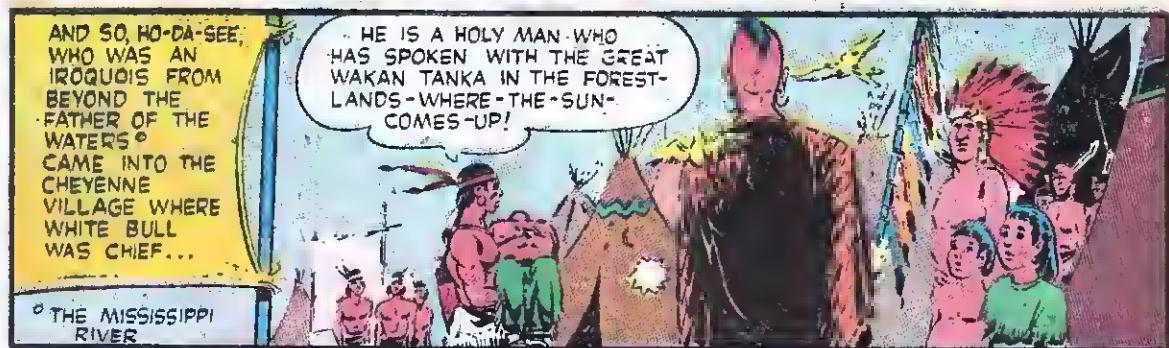
TO THE SIOUX, THIS MAN WHO SPOKE WITH THE TONGUE OF THE WAKAN TANKA, WAS EITHER CRAZY OR HOLY - AND IN EITHER CASE, MUST NOT BE HARMED, NOR THOSE WITH HIM...



YOUR WEAPONS ARE RED WITH SPILLED BLOOD! LOWER THEM! LEARN TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH THESE, YOUR BROTHERS!



STRAIGHT ARROW



LONG INTO THE NIGHT THE RED FIRE-TONGUES OF THE CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES GLEAMED IN THE DARKNESS. LONG DID THE WARRIOR LISTEN TO HO-DA-SEE'S WORDS...

SEND ONE OF YOUR YOUNG, STRONG WARRIORS EAST, TO THE LAND-WHERE-THE-SUN-COMES-UP! LET HIM SPEAK WITH HIAWATHA, GREATEST OF ALL RED MEN!

THE IROQUOIS SPEAKS THE TRUTH! WE MUST ALL JOIN HIM, TO FORM A WONDERFUL INDIAN NATION! OLD ENEMIES MUST BE FORGOTTEN!

HU! THE CHIEF'S BROTHER HAS EYES TO SEE THE TRUTH!

INTO THE FIRE WITH ALL OUR WEAPONS! TAKE UP INSTEAD THE WHITE BUFFALO ROBE OF PEACE!

FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE DECISION HANGS IN THE BALANCE. THEN ONE...AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...IS CAUGHT UP INTO THE CONTAGION...

THE WAKAN TANKA SMILES! HIS PEOPLE ARE TO TREAD THE PEACE PATH!

HU! HU!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, BIGFOOT! WE CHEYENNE ARE DESTROYING OUR WEAPONS - BUT WHAT OF THE SIOUX? THE BLACKFEET? THE NEZ PERCE?

YOU TALK WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE, RED HAWK!

I'D FEEL BETTER ABOUT IT IF WOLF-HAIR HADN'T SPOKEN UP FOR PEACE!

HU-FOR MANY YEARS HE HAS HATED HIS BROTHER, CHIEF WHITE BULL! HE WOULD DO ANYTHING TO BECOME CHIEF!

HOYE!-EVEN TO TURNING TRAITOR! LOOK THE SIOUX!



AT FULL GALLOP, BARELY AHEAD OF THE SIOUX WAR
ARROWS AND LANCES, THE ENTIRE CHEYENNE VILLAGE,
FLEES LIKE SHEEP FROM A MARAUDING WOLF...



AT A WILD GALLOP RED HAWK LEADS
HIS PEOPLE ACROSS THE SOTOL-
DOTTED PLAINS...



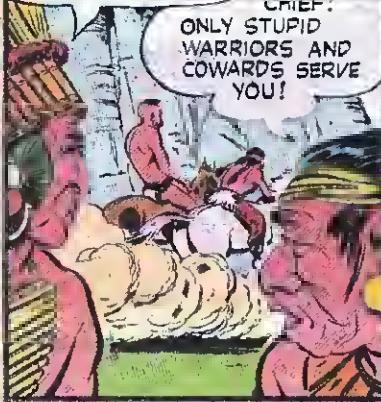
WITHOUT A WORD, RED HAWK WHIRLS HIS GREAT PONY, MOON-LIGHT, AND SPEEDS AWAY, FOLLOWED BY BIGFOOT...

I NEVER THOUGHT RED HAWK WOULD RUN FROM DANGER!

WHY NOT? YOU ARE A STUPID CHIEF!
ONLY STUPID WARRIORS AND COWARDS SERVE YOU!

PEOPLE OF THE CHEYENNE, LISTEN TO MY WORDS! TOO LONG HAVE I REMAINED SILENT! ONLY LOVE FOR MY BROTHER KEPT ME FROM REVEALING HIS FAILURE AS A CHIEF!

NOW HE HAS LED YOU INTO A DEATH TRAP, AFTER FAILING TO PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR ENEMIES! ONLY I CAN SAVE YOU FROM THE SIOUX!



THE GIANT INDIAN'S MUSCLES CRACK WITH STRAIN!—BUT THE HUGE BOULDER ROCKS AND SLIDES! AND, AS IT FALLS, OTHER ROCKS JOIN IT, AND A GREAT LANDSLIDE ROARS DOWN INTO THE NARROW ENTRANCE TO THE BOX CANYON!

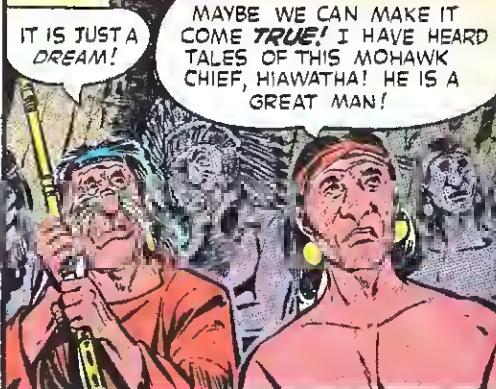


STRAIGHT ARROW

LISTEN, YOU SIOUX BRAVES! YOU ARE TRAPPED WITH THE CHEYENNE! YOU CANNOT GET OUT ALIVE, FOR WE CAN ROLL STONES DOWN ON YOU AND KILL YOU AS YOU CLIMB! LISTEN TO HO-DA-SEE WHO SPEAKS OF PEACE...



FOR AN HOUR THE IROQUOIS WANDERER SPEAKS OF PEACE, OF FRIENDSHIP AND TRADE AMONG ALL RED NATIONS. AND AS HE TALKS, SIOUX CLUBS AND LANCES ARE PUT AWAY...



HU! THE WHITE-FEATHERED MAN SPEAKS TRUE WORDS. AS CHIEF OF THE SIOUX, I OFFER THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP!

HOYE! THOSE ARE GOOD WORDS! WE WILL BE FRIENDS!



WOLFHAIR IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED CHIEFS. HIS OWN BROTHER, WHITE BULL, PRONOUNCES THE WORDS OF BANISHMENT...

I HAVE BEEN TOLD OF YOUR TREACHERY, BETRAYING YOUR PEOPLE TO WIN THE CHIEFTAINSHIP I HOLD! FOR THAT, YOU ARE BANISHED FOREVER FROM THE TRIBE!



AS SIOUX AND CHEYENNE GATHER TO FEAST AND CELEBRATE THEIR NEW FRIENDSHIP, HO-DA-SEE CHOOSES A MAN TO GO ACROSS A CONTINENT—

RED HAWK SHALL GO EAST TO SPEAK WITH HIAWATHA HIMSELF, TO BRING YOU WORD THAT THE GREAT IROQUOIS NATION WILL JOIN YOU IN YOUR QUEST FOR PEACE!



IN A PURIFICATION PROCESS, IN WHICH HOT STONES ARE COVERED WITH WATER TO PRODUCE STEAM, RED HAWK IS SWEATED AND RUBBED WITH SACRED HERBS...

YOU WILL BRING ME WORD FROM HIAWATHA! EAST AND WEST SHALL MEET, IF YOUR MISSION SUCCEEDS!



IN THE NEXT, AND FOLLOWING ISSUES OF STRAIGHT ARROW ONE OF THE GREATEST JOURNEYS OF ALL TIME IS TO BE BROUGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES! STRANGE TRIBES THAT EXISTED IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF AMERICA WILL BE SEEN IN THIS STRANGEST OF ALL QUESTS—WHEN THE INDIAN'S SOUGHT FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME TO JOIN TOGETHER, THAT ONE RED NATION MIGHT BE FORMED IN THIS SAVAGE WORLD OF FOREST, WATERWAYS AND PLAINS...!

THE END

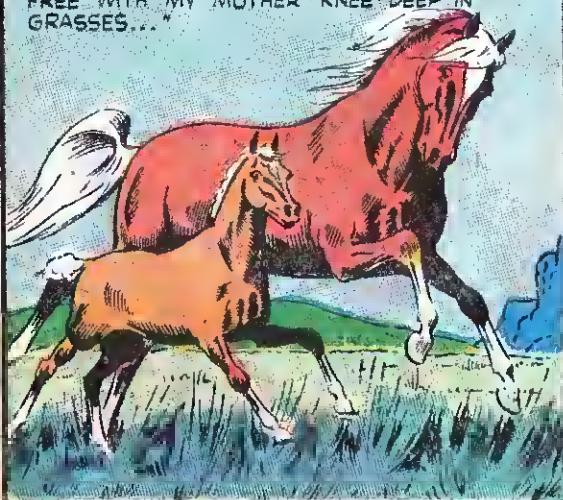
S T R A I G H T A R R O W

I AM FURY — COMANCHE PONY,
MIGHTY GOLDEN WAR HORSE
OF THE GREAT INDIAN CHIEFTAIN,
S T R A I G H T A R R O W!
THIS IS MY STORY —

The Story of
FURY

Fred
Meagher

"I WAS BORN ON THE GREAT PLAINS. MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION IS THAT OF RUNNING FREE WITH MY MOTHER KNEE-DEEP IN GRASSES..."

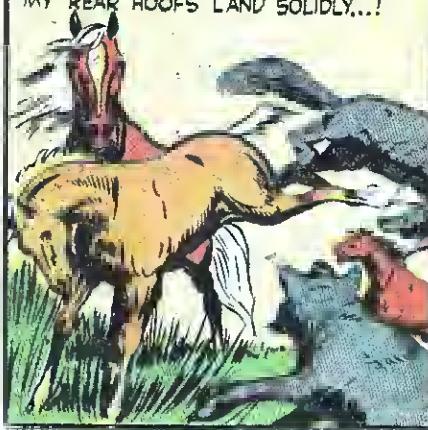


"MY FATHER — KA'ABA, THE GOLDEN — WAS A POWERFUL PALOMINO. I CAN REMEMBER HIS FIGHTING A BAND OF WOLVES THAT ATTACKED US..."



STRAIGHT ARROW

"AI, HE WAS A BIG HORSE, WITH HEAVY MUSCLES! HE SLEW MANY WOLVES THAT DAY, FOR HE WAS FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE AND THE LIFE OF MY MOTHER... THE EXCITEMENT AFFECTED ME. I KICKED OUT AT A WOLF MYSELF—AND FELT MY REAR HOOF'S LAND SOLIDLY...!"



"WE LIVED A WILD, FREE LIFE THERE ON THE GREAT PLAINS. FAR AND WIDE WE RANGED, FOR THE ENTIRE WEST WAS OUR HOME."



"ONE DAY, A BAND OF INDIANS CAME RACING TOWARD US, WAVING GAILY COLORED BLANKETS. WE FLED MADLY BEFORE THE MAN-SMELL, FEARING THESE TWO-LEGGED CREATURES..."

GOLDEN HORSES! HAI—
THEY WILL MAKE US
GOOD WAR PONIES!

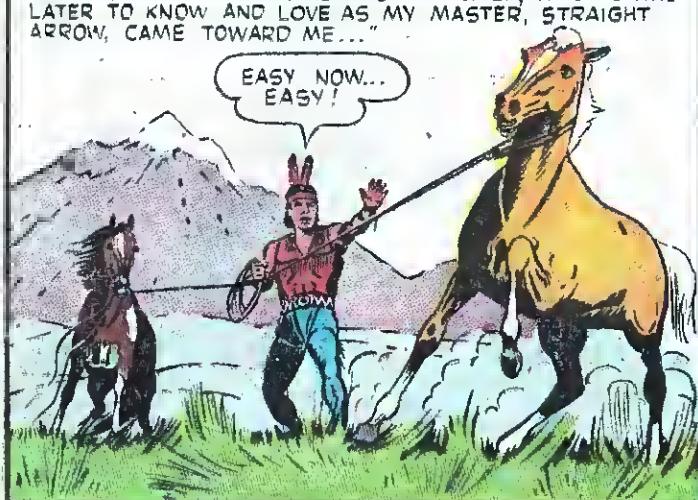


THIS YOUNG COLT WILL GROW
TALL AND POWERFUL! I WANT
HIM FOR MY PONY HERD!

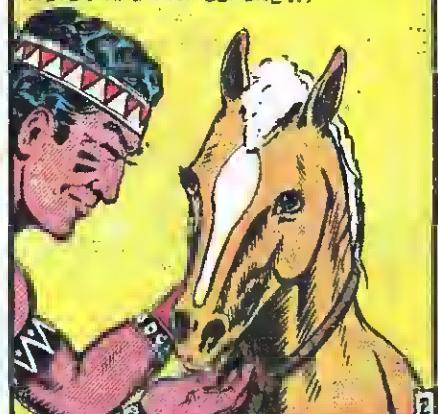


"I SHOOK WITH TERROR AS THIS WAR CHIEF, WHOM I WAS LATER TO KNOW AND LOVE AS MY MASTER, STRAIGHT ARROW, CAME TOWARD ME..."

EASY NOW...
EASY!



"GENTLE FINGERS STROKED MY NOSTRILS. I FELT A LUMP OF MAPLE SUGAR PUSHED BETWEEN MY TEETH. HAI—THAT SUGAR WAS GOOD! I'D NEVER HAD ANY BEFORE..."



STRAIGHT ARROW

"AS I GREW IN STATURE,
STRAIGHT ARROW TRAINED
ME SLOWLY AND GENTLY, IN
THE INDIAN MANNER, LEAD-
ING ME BY A SOFT DEER-
SKIN HACKAMORE!"

"YOU SEE, MY GOLDEN
BEAUTY? THIS DOES NOT
HURT! NOTHING THAT I DO
TO YOU WILL HURT, SO THERE
IS NO NEED TO FEAR ME!"



"THIS WILL ACCUSTOM YOU
TO MY WEIGHT. IT IS THE
ANCIENT INDIAN WAY OF
GENTLING WILD HORSES
FOR A RIDER..."



"WE HUNTED OFTEN TOGETHER. THEN,
ONE DAY..."



"YOU LEARNED FASTEST OF
ALL THE PONIES WE'VE
CAPTURED! THOSE OTHERS
MUST STILL BE TAUGHT THAT
NONE OF THE THINGS WE DO
TO THEM IN THIS TRAINING
PERIOD WILL HURT THEM!"



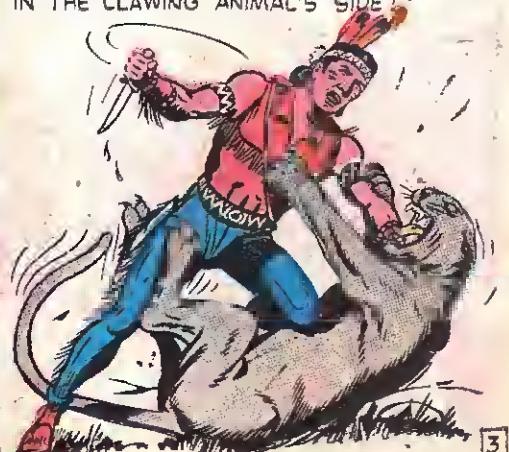
"COURAGE, BIG HORSE!
I COME!"



"OVER YOU GO,
PA'ATHA!"



"OVER AND OVER THEY ROLLED, MAN AND
CAT! AGAIN AND AGAIN STRAIGHT
ARROW BURIED HIS LONG HUNTING KNIFE
IN THE CLAWING ANIMAL'S SIDE!"





"AND THEN ONE-EYE CAME TO OUR VILLAGE! HE WAS A STRANGE MAN, WHO WORE A BLACK PATCH OVER AN EYE THAT MEN WHISPERED COULD READ A MAN'S MIND!"

"I HAVE TALKED TO THE WAKAN TANKA! MY COVERED EYE HAS LOOKED INTO HIS!"

MY SPELLS ARE THE MOST POWERFUL AMONG ALL THE MEDICINE MEN OF THE PLAINS INDIANS TRIBES! I COME AMONG YOU TO SELL MY INFLUENCE OR TO CURSE YOU WITH MY SORCERY, FOR I HAVE SPOKEN TO SAMAHA, THE DEVIL GOD, IN THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON!"



"MEN'S CHEEKS GREW PALE WITH FEAR, FOR THIS MAN HAD THE EVIL-EYE, AND ITS MERE LOOKING AT A MAN COULD BRING EVIL ON HIS TEPEE..."

"HA! A FINE SHIELD! IT WOULD KEEP ME SAFE IF I MET ANY ENEMIES!"

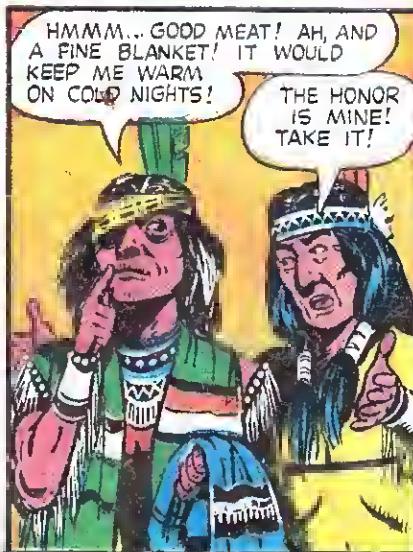


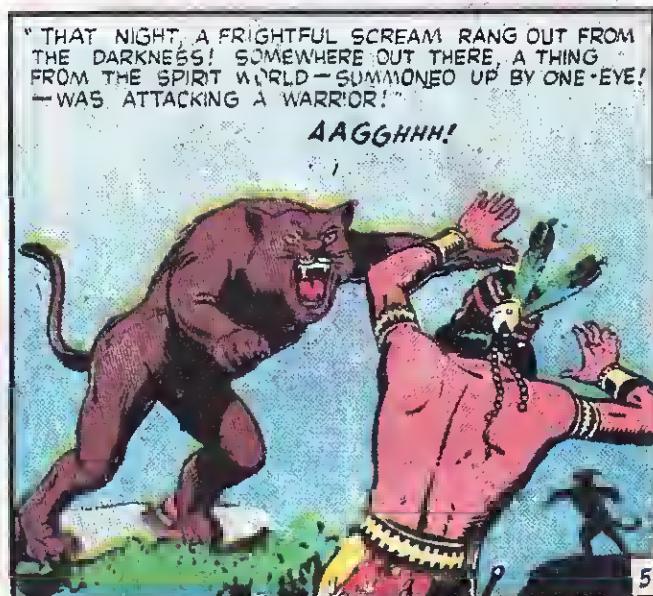
"HMM... GOOD MEAT! AH, AND A FINE BLANKET! IT WOULD KEEP ME WARM ON COLD NIGHTS!"

"THE HONOR IS MINE! TAKE IT!"

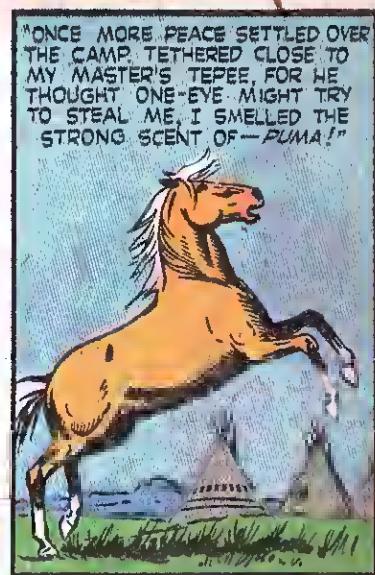
"AND THEN ONE-EYE TURNED TOWARD ME AS I STOOD NEAR MY MASTER'S TEPEE..."

"HO—WHAT A HORSE! THE BIGGEST, STRONGEST I HAVE EVER SEEN! HE WILL CARRY ME AT A FINE PACE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE! I WILL TAKE HIM!"





STRAIGHT ARROW



STRAIGHT ARROW

"ONCE BEFORE, IN A FIGHT WITH A MIGHTY PUMA, MY MASTER HAD SAVED MY LIFE! NOW IT WAS MY TURN TO SAVE HIM FROM THESE CAT-MEN!"

THE GOLDEN STALLION!

HIS HOOFS LASH AT US! -



"NO MAN COULD STAND AGAINST MY MASTER WHEN HE EXPECTED AN ATTACK! IN QUICK WRESTLING HOLOS HE THREW THEM, ONE AFTER THE OTHER—"

HAI! THE MASK OF THE PUMA FALLS—AND REVEALS THE UGLY FEATURES OF AN OSAGE DOG!



AND NOW YOU WILL SPEAK WITH STRAIGHT TONGUES, LEST I USE MY HUNTING KNIFE ON THEM! ONE-EYE SENT YOU HERE TO SLAY ME—AS HE SENT YOU AFTER LONG LANCE!

MERCY, STRAIGHT ARROW! IT IS AS YOU HAVE SAID!



"NEXT DAY, ONE-EYE CAME AGAIN AMONG THE COMANCHES. SINCE NONE KNEW OF THE ATTACK ON STRAIGHT ARROW—FOR ALL HAD COVERED THEIR EYES AND EARS IN FEAR, AND HUDDLED IN THEIR BLANKETS ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—OUR PEOPLE BOWED BEFORE HIM..."

THE SPIRITS CAME TO PUNISH LONG LANCE LAST NIGHT—

I TOLD YOU I WOULD SEND THEM! AND NOW FOR THAT GOLDEN STALLION, FURY!



"HIS FACE A MASK OF ANGER, STRAIGHT ARROW STRODE FROM THE TEPEE..."

THERE ARE YOUR SPIRITS OSAGE RENEGADES!—WHOM YOU PAY TO KILL ALL WHO OPPOSE YOU! NO MEDICINE MAN, BUT A TRICKSTER! THEY TRIED TO KILL ME, BUT FURY AND I WON OUT!



"THEIR EYES OPENED, THE COMANCHES BEAT ONE-EYE WITH WHIPS AS THEY CHASED HIM OUT OF THEIR CAMP FOREVER..."

FAKER!

FRAUD!



"THUS THE FAME OF THE GREAT STRAIGHT ARROW AND HIS MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION SPREAD LIKE PRAIRIE FIRE ACROSS THE PLAINS! NONE COULD OUTHUNT OR OUTFIGHT HIM—NONE COULD OUTRUN OR OUTLAST MY FLYING HOOFS!"

KANEEWAH,
FURY-KANEEWAH!!!



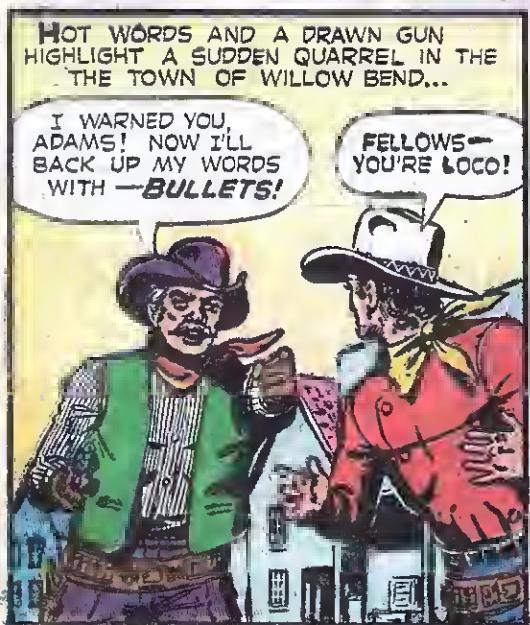
THE END

STRAIGHT ARROW

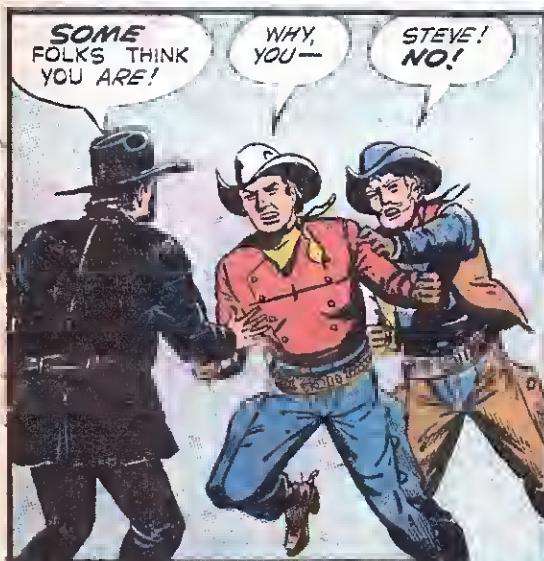
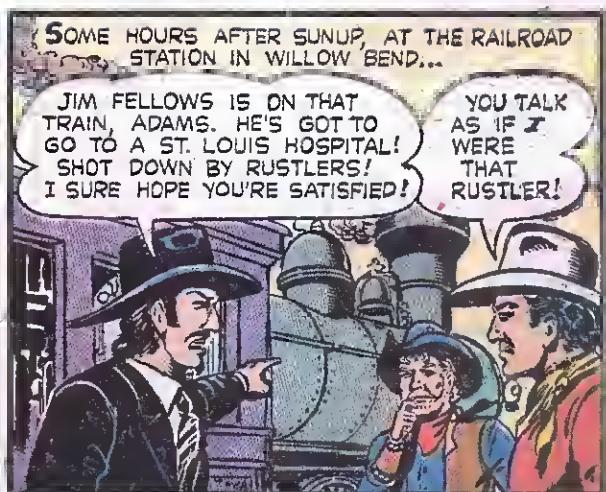
WHE STEVE ADAMS IS CHARGED WITH RUSTLING AND ATTEMPTED MURDER BY PRETTY NAN FELLOWS, THERE IS NO WAY HE CAN CLEAR HIS NAME AND SAVE HER FROM CERTAIN DOOM... EXCEPT TO RESUME HIS REAL IDENTITY AS STRAIGHT ARROW AND PROVE HIMSELF!

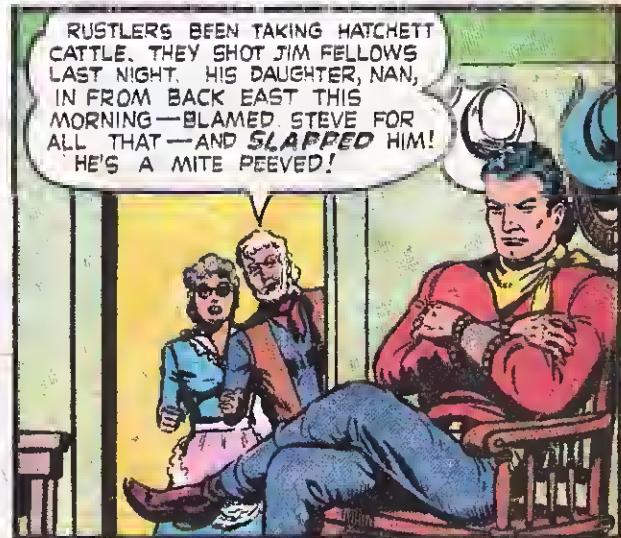
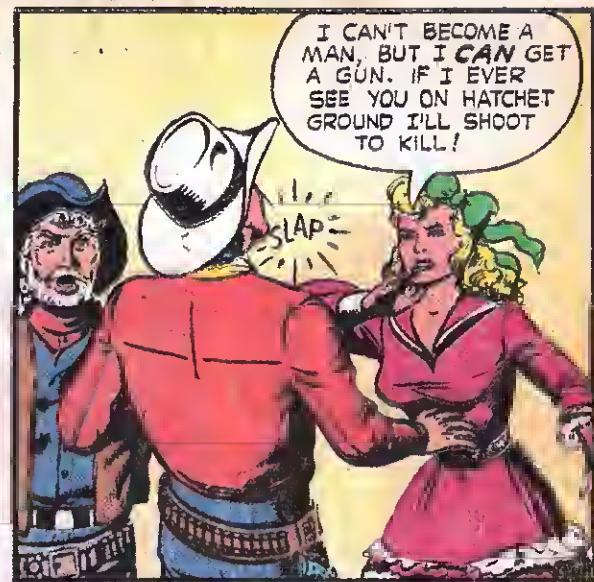
A FRIENDLY FOE!

Wade Frost, Wm. H. H. H., Jr.
Illustrator



STRAIGHT ARROW





S T R A I G H T - A R R O W

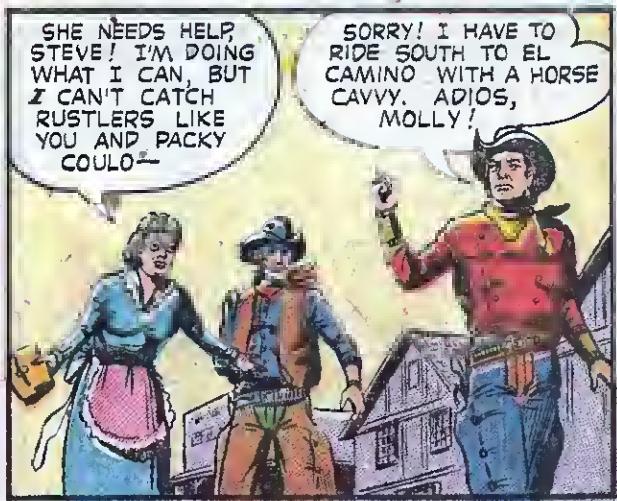
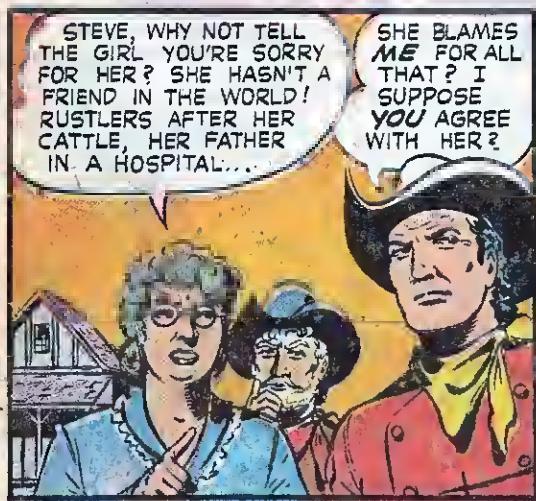
BUT MESQUITE MOLLY HAS A SOOTHING TONGUE
...AND NAN IS SOON FEELING MUCH BETTER...

'ALL RIGHT, I WON'T ARGUE.
IF YOU THINK STEVE IS BAD—
HE'S REALLY A WONDERFUL
BOY! — I WON'T ARGUE...
BUT YOU OUGHT TO BUY
SOME WESTERN FIXINGS!

HMM...
MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT! LET'S
GO!

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE FIRST PERSON
NAN SEES IN WILLOW BEND—

YOU!
NOW, NAN—LET ME HANDLE
HIM! GET INSIDE AND TRY ON
SOME CALICO AND GINGHAM!



Straight Arrow

THOSE RUSTLERS ARE NOT ONLY PREYING ON HATCHET HERDS--THEY'RE FRAMING STEVE ADAMS FOR IT! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I RIDE TO HELP MYSELF, AS WELL AS SOMEONE ELSE! HOYE!



Straight Arrow's senses are always alert to any variation from the normal course of nature. So it is that—

HU! THE LAND ALL AROUND HERE BEARS NO CREOSOTE BUSHES! YET I HAVE SEEN A LEAF OR TWO--SHOWING THAT THEY **WERE** HERE, RECENTLY...



NO ANIMALS HAVE EATEN THEM, OR THERE WOULD BE DEAD ANIMALS ABOUT! CREOSOTE IS POISONOUS TO THEM! HU! PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS WHY THEY ARE GONE. MAN REMOVED THEM TO PROTECT ANIMALS!

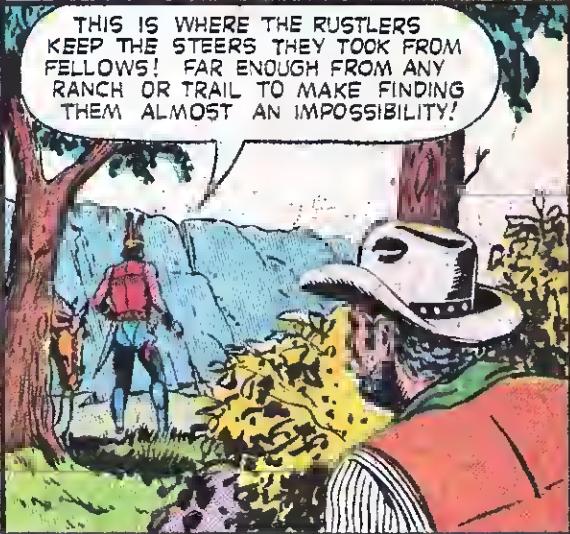


HOURS LATER, ON A LEONE HIGH ABOVE A SERIES OF BREAKS IN POWDERSMOKE CANYON...

A HERD OF STEERS BEARING THE HATCHET BRAND. THE CREOSOTE BUSHES WERE DESTROYED SO THESE STEERS WOULD NOT EAT THEM!



THIS IS WHERE THE RUSTLERS KEEP THE STEERS THEY TOOK FROM FELLOWS! FAR ENOUGH FROM ANY RANCH OR TRAIL TO MAKE FINDING THEM ALMOST AN IMPOSSIBILITY!



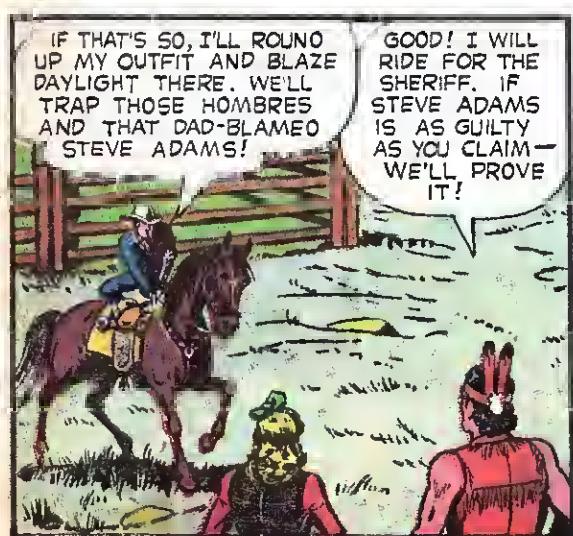
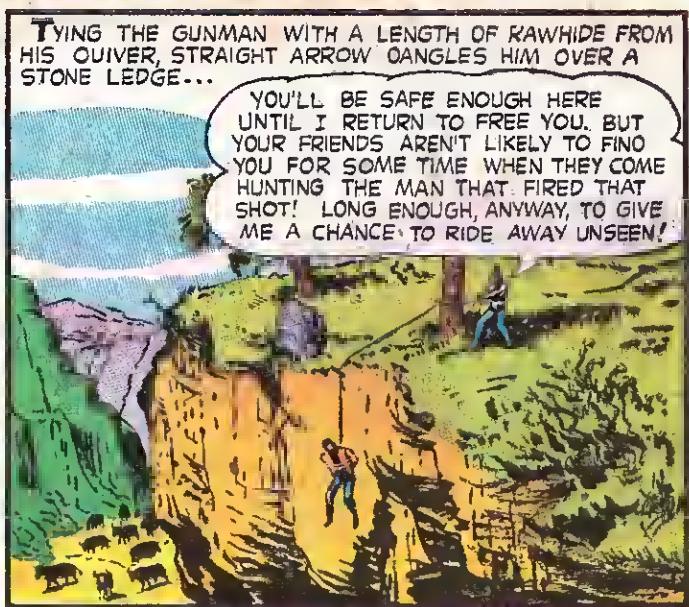
THE SNICK OF A BACKDRAWN REVOLVER HAMMER ALERTS THE GREAT COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN TO GRIM DANGER...



THAT GUNSHOT WILL BRING THE REST OF YOUR RUSTLER FRIENDS TO HELP YOU!



S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T - A-R-R-O-W



STRAIGHT ARROW

SOMEWHAT LATER, IN THE BREAKS OF POWDERSMOKE CANYON...

MOVE THE STEERS! AND ONE OF YOU RIDE TO THE HATCHET RANCH TO SEE NAN FELLOWS—

SOON AS WE FIX UP LUKE HERE, SOME INJUN DANGLED HIM OVER A LEDGE! WE SPOTTED HIM, BUT NOT IN TIME TO CATCH THE VARMINT WHO DID IT!



ONE OF YOU GET NAN FELLOWS TO MEET ME IN THE WEST MEADOW, RIGHT UNDER THE DAM! THREE OF YOU TAKE THE SHORT-CUT TO TOWN, DRYGULCH THAT COMANCHE, STRAIGHT ARROW, AS HE RIDES IN TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



AND SO, AS STRAIGHT ARROW GALLOPS ALONG THE TRAIL TO WILLOW BEND—

SOMETHING HAS ALARMED THESE BIRDS! THEY'VE RISEN STRAIGHT INTO THE AIR—



HIDDEN RIFLEMEN!— WAITING ON THE TRAIL FOR ME! YET ONLY **ONE MAN** KNEW I WAS RIDING INTO TOWN TO SEE THE SHERIFF— HANK MORRISON — NAN FELLOW'S UNCLE!



AS A COLD STAB OF FEAR GOES THROUGH HIM, THE COMANCHE CHIEF WHIRLS FURY AND TOES HIM INTO A DISTANCE-DEVOURING GALLOP!

IF HANK MORRISON — WHO IS JIM FELLOW'S STEP-BROTHER, AND NAN'S STEP-UNCLE — IS MAKING A PLAY TO GET CONTROL OF THE HATCHET RANCH, HE WON'T STOP AT TRYING TO KILL ME! HE'LL TRY TO KILL NAN!



AT THE HATCHET RANCH, SOMEWHAT LATER...

HER STEP-UNCLE SENT WORD FOR HER TO MEET HIM AT THE WEST MEADOW!

THE WEST MEADOW? THAT'S RIGHT BELOW CANYON DAM!



AT CANYON DAM, A GLOATING SMILE LIGHTS HANK MORRISON'S HARD FACE, SOME HOURS LATER...

THERE SHE IS, WAITING FOR ME! HUH — ONCE THE DAM BREAKS AND THOSE WATERS DROWN HER, I'LL **INHERIT** THE HATCHET RANCH, AS THE ONLY HEIR OF JIM FELLOW!



THE AIR SEEMS TO LIFT AND SHUDDER AS THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS LOGS AND STONES APART! RELEASED FROM THE DAM, THE SURGING WATERS ROAR FORWARD IN A CATASTROPHIC WAVE!



MY HORSE—FRIGHTENED SO MUCH HE BOLTED! I CAN'T OUTRUN THOSE WATERS ON FOOT! I'LL BE DROWNED!

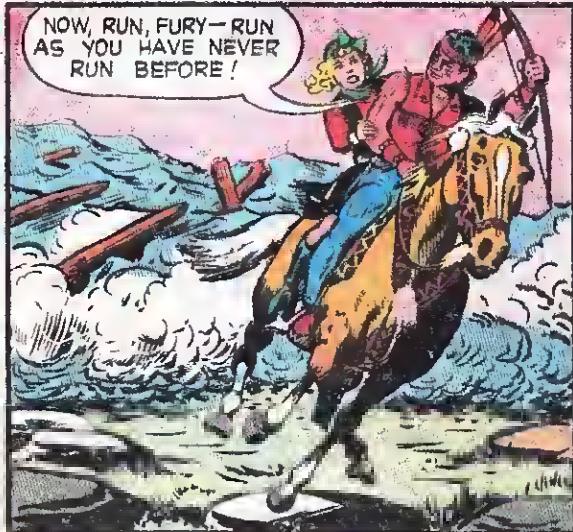


SUDDENLY A VOICE SHOUTS OVER THE THUNDERING CATARACT OF MADDENED WATERS—

UP NAN! I MUST CATCH YOU IN MY ARMS AND WE MUST OUTRACE THOSE WATERS IF WE HOPE TO LIVE....!



NOW, RUN, FURY—RUN AS YOU HAVE NEVER RUN BEFORE!



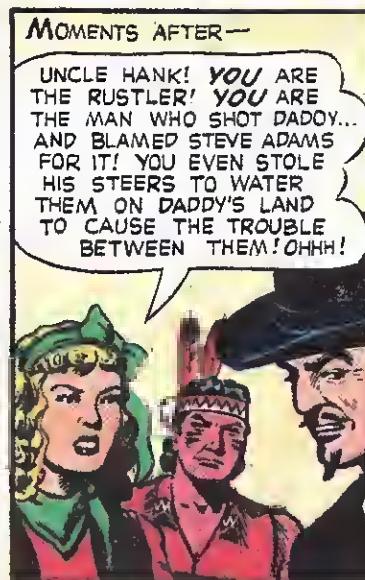
A RACE AGAINST DEATH ITSELF, ACROSS THE WEST MEADOW! WITH WINGED HOOFs, THE GALLANT PALOMINO SPURNS THE EARTH...

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT! ...GOOD HORSE, FURY—
GOOD HORSE!



MOMENTS AFTER—

UNCLE HANK! YOU ARE THE RUSTLER! YOU ARE THE MAN WHO SHOT DADOO... AND BLAMED STEVE ADAMS FOR IT! YOU EVEN STOLE HIS STEERS TO WATER THEM ON DADDY'S LAND TO CAUSE THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THEM! OHHH!



ONLY ONE THING TROUBLES STRAIGHT ARROW AS HE RIDES AWAY FROM THE HATCHET RANCH...

MORRISON IS BEHIND BARS... NAN'S FATHER WILL LIVE, A TELEGRAM TELLS HER. HER STEERS WILL BE RETURNED. EVERYTHING'S FINE BUT ONE THING— NAN DOESN'T CARE MUCH FOR STEVE ADAMS! HOW IN THE WORLD CAN I GET HER TO LIKE HIM...?



THE END

